

**THE COMET.**  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.  
Subscription price, one year, \$1.50.  
Where advance payment is not made, \$1.50 per year will be charged.  
Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1879, at Postoffice at Johnson City, Tenn., as Second-Class Matter.  
We are authorized and requested to announce Mr. W. H. HICKS as a candidate for Sheriff of Sullivan County. Election August next.  
We are authorized and requested to announce Mr. HENRY A. HALE as a candidate for Sheriff of Washington County. Election August next.  
Subscribe for the "blazin' stair."

The Spring time is coming and so is the Show.  
Henry C. Hart will soon commence building his new business house.  
Miller & Clover seed at Hunter & Christians.  
White and fancy check straw matting at  
**ANDERSON & CARR'S**  
James Webb, father-in-law of Wm. McCordle died at his home near Union Sunday last, aged 77 years.  
Averill chemical paint already mixed, all colors \$1.75 per gallon. At Hunter & Christians.

Joseph Wolfe, one of the veterans of 1812, passed away from earth April 1st, at his home in this county.  
Uncle Dennis Humphreys moved his family on Tuesday last to his farm in Carter Co., goodbye to the black oxen.  
Irish Potatoes at Hunter & Christians for sixty cents per bushel.  
Carpets, Rugs and Door Mats at  
**ANDERSON & CARR'S**

The interesting letter of A. G. W. from Okolona came in too late for this week, we regret to say.  
Charles Elbert Massingill Timberlake Jim Ben Jake Bucky Stoots Faw, accompanied by his venerable sire, J. A. Faw of Union Depot, came in to see THE COMET a few days ago.  
Chas. M. Barr and lady, comet our sanctum last Wednesday. They said they had come to the conclusion that THE COMET would commit so far as subscribers are concerned in old Swillva.

John H. Gilky, George Brown's man, tarried in this City a short time this week, scattering smiles and hardware. He went down the road Tuesday.  
"Good bye John, Don't stay long, Come back soon To your own dear chickabiddy."

Miss Addie Burson, daughter of the late R. O. Burson, died at her home on Boons Creek, in this County, on the 29th of March. Miss Laura, her sister, died January 10th. Two from the same family in 1884.  
"Death rides on every passing breeze, And lurks in every flower."

The Sons of Temperance elected their officers last Monday night, A. F. Hoss, W. P.; Dr. J. C. King, P. W. P.; Mrs. R. J. Rankin, W. A.; E. S. Wolfe, R. S.; Chas. Massey, F. S.; C. H. Lyle, Conductor; Miss Maggie Patton, Asst. Conductor; Walter Sawyer, J. S.; J. W. Crumley, O. S. Let the bottle go on.

Talk about your pleasant rides, try it from Bristol to Blountville once, such delightful roads. We didn't ride, we walked mostly and helped the driver make his four horses pull the hack. Oh, say! why is Sullivan County mud like a Sullivan County Democrat? Because it sticketh closer than a brother.

We are informed by W. L. Greer, that Mr. Aiken, of Jonesboro, is putting the finishing touches on the new M. E. Church South, on Boons Creek. The Christian Church in the same vicinity will soon be repaired. Good for Boons Creek! let churches smile on the hills tops and in the valleys. Down with the devil, and up with the truth.

The beautiful race boat, "The Comet," named in honor of "these few lines," was launched last Friday on the bosom of the Watauga, which in the Indian vernacular, means "beautiful river." John M. Folsom, of Elizabethton, is the owner and he and his bride Amelia are the captains and crew.

"Row, row, row your boat Gently down the stream; All past is gone you know, The future's but a dream."

Went to Blountville this week. Got legions of subscribers and right smart of bucksbeeh down. Got plenty of exercise going and coming. Mud to the right of us, mud to the left of us, mud in front of us, into the jaws of a mud-hole "rode the six hundred." Got a bad cold soaked into my nose. Got several square meals at Fain's Hotel in Blountville. Got encouragement for THE COMET. Got kind treatment, and scrambled eggs, and luscious breakfast, sweet milk, hot rolls, fried ham, good butter, fruit, cake and so forth at the Nickels House in Bristol. Mrs. Hamilton is the queen of landladies, her husband is king of landlords.

In Blountville, got invited out to dinner. Cousin Maggie Haynes got the Col. to bring us up. The table groined with good things when we sat down. We did the groining when dinner was over.

Got to see our friends, tried and true. Got back Wednesday morning just in time to quell a bread riot at home.

Gabe Harris, Jacob Adler's perpetual motion drummer, has gone to Baltimore. Gabe never stops. He goes and goes through mud and water in sunshine and shadow, preaching economy to the people, and pointing to Adler's groceries.

"In the morning, When Gabriel blows his trumpet In the morning."  
We were shown a brick made by Mr. W. H. Smith's new brick machine. With this new invention you can make brick without trouble. There is nothing to do but dig the dirt and throw it into the machine and it comes out a pressed brick, smooth as glass. We wish Mr. Smith success with his new invention. Smith's a clever man. Smith's a brick.

A letter from Dallas Texas to Dr. J. C. King, says: I send P. O. draft for 2.50, send two copies of Comet, one to J. A. Conley, one to William Ensminger. Everything lovely here. Corn planted and up, wheat, oats and grass looking fine, fruit trees all in bloom, and nice spring weather.  
J. A. CONLEY.

We say to our readers that J. B. Jones has one of the nicest neatest stores we ever saw in this town. Mr. Jones has a bran new stock of the very finest French candles, all sorts of fancy canned goods, nuts, toys, oranges and lemons. He has also on hand a large stock of drugs, and is ready to fill prescriptions at all hours.

Ladies, go and look at this beautiful store. Take your children. You will find everything the heart can wish in the way of fancy groceries and tooth sweeteners. Go to the Worley block, and take a glance, if you love the beautiful and the good. Call on Mr. Jones, he will meet you with a smile. If you gounce, you'll twice, thrice, and never quit going.

John G. Squibb the wide awake lightning rod man was in town Thursday. He has something new. It is the star galvanized rod, warranted to protect any building.  
The patentees J. H. Weston & Co. will give five hundred dollars damages to the man whose house is struck by lightning having the star galvanized rod upon it.

Storms are becoming more frequent in this country and we advise those having barns and dwellings unprotected by lightning rods, to see John Squibb at once. He will make you happy. At every thunder clap you'll thank the Lord for John Squibb and the star galvanized.

Hunter & Christian, Johnson City, call the attention of the people of the surrounding country, to their large and constantly increasing stock of dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, queensware &c., and everything else usually kept in a first class store.

We are sole agents for the Bay State boots and shoes and have just received forty cases last week. We have the finest wear for gent's, ladies and children, from the cheapest to the best manufacturers, and we guarantee the Bay State goods to be free from paper insoles wood or wets, and the bottoms not to rip, they lead all others and are the best boots and shoes sold.

Mr. Jno. W. Hunter is now in the markets of Phila., N. Y., & Balt., and we will soon exhibit the best and cheapest stock of goods that has come to Johnson City.

At the solicitation of many of our customers we will soon add to our establishment a first class millinery and dressmaking department, in charge of a Baltimore lady, where ladies can make selections of material for suits, trimmings &c., and have the best work done for the least money.

Johnson city is afflicted with dogs and bachelors.  
There is one poor old feller we are sorry for. He has a sore moustache and a downcast look. Every evening he can be seen wandering about in a desperate sort of way, like the Cincinnati mob without any aim. He goes to the city hotel and laughs at the jokes, then to The Comet office, tells all the locals he can think of, sits a while in Doc. Luks counting room, and when the hour for retiring approaches his look is pitiful. He throws up both hands, yawns, and starts home. Slowly he winds his weary way across the little bridge, when he reaches the house, there is no bright eyed rosy lipped woman to imprint a kiss on his cheek at the door, no bright fire burning in the grate, no lamp on the table.

No diaphanous cherubs to raise the dickens as he enters, all is darkness and silence. He goes in and winds a bed quilt around his old frame and with the words of the poet on his lips. "Of all the sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these, It might have been," lies down and has the night-mare.

Tom get married.

**Bits from Newport.**  
There was a difficulty between Jos. K. Gorrell, of Eastport, and Esq. Wm. Swagerty, on last Saturday. Gorrell used a fence rail and Swagerty, a revolver. Neither of them was hurt.

A young man by the name of Fowler shot and killed John Rutherford, on last Sunday night. Fowler made his escape.  
Yours,  
WILL.

**To the Public.**  
JOHNSON CITY, March 21, 1884.  
We have bought a large stock of choice coffee, pure sugar and syrups, at surprisingly low prices. Come and see before these articles advance, we mean business. All kinds of field and garden implements at rock-bottom prices.  
Yours truly,  
HUNT & LIDE.

An old darkey got sick. He thought his time had come. He called Susaner to his bed. He had cabbaged a large number of quilts, blankets, sheets &c. "Susaner, I've gwine to die—almost gone."

"Well, Ephraim, is you had any conversations wid de Master above?"  
"Yes, Susaner, I has tried, but ebery time I tries to git some conversation wid Im, dem quilts and blankets gits right up in de air 'tween me an' Him and He can't hear me. Susaner, I wish you would tell George Washington to ketch the mar' an' take dem bed clothes home."

"Yes I will, Ephraim, yes I will." She went to folding up quilts, blankets and other contraband articles. Meantime Ephraim fell asleep. In about three quarters of an hour he awoke.

"Oh, Susaner!" in a weak tone, "Come heah!"  
The anxious wife flies to him. "What does ye want, Ephraim?"  
"Is George Washington gone wid dem bed clothes, Susaner?"  
"Not yet. Don't fret about it deah. De mar' is coteh an' de boy is jes ready to start wid all de things dat don't belong to us. Don't fret, he's jes ready to start."

"Ef he ain't gone, tell 'im not to go yet awhile. I feel a little better."

**A Good Word to Uncle Sam Ivans.**  
EDITH COMET.—The appearance on our desk this morning of the Athens Post, awakens old and pleasant memories, and makes us go back to our boyhood days; to old Athens, around which cluster a million pleasant memories, and we live our life over again in the flash of a few moments. Time has not estranged our heart, and while we count the sunshine and the shadow of our past, we must exclaim, we love the past, the people know no change. Pure and good-hearted men, men of lofty, ennobling instincts and in whose breasts are none but warm and genuine impulses, deserve to be loved and revered. Such an one was Will B. McKeldin, who, now, that

"Lives fitful fever being o'er Sleeps well."  
Requiescant in peace. Our boyhood and riper years were spent in brotherly intimacy, and I knew the man as no one else knew him. He was a gentleman.  
C. K. LIDE.

**THE NEWEST SHOW AND THE BIGGEST.**  
S. H. Barrett & Co.'s New United Monster Railroad Shows.  
This newest as well as most colossal of all amusement enterprises will positively exhibit at Johnson City on April 18th.

It is the best advertised show that has ever been announced here. Not only are its bright and costly pictorials displayed on every side for miles and miles around, and its illustrated newspaper and programmes scattered like snow-flakes, but there is a solid, emphatic style in its manner of presenting its claims which commands attention and begets confidence. It is conspicuous for not indulging in the stale, dishonest "aggregation," "alliance," "combination" and "twelve-shows-in-one" clap-trap, which has always proved a delusion and a snare, and involves such preposterous claims as to utterly discredit itself with all except the greenest fools. On the contrary, it assumes only to be one new and great show, which is the best of reasons for believing it to be so. Neither does it resort to manufactured names and purposely-mixed and vague generalities and figures, in order to convey the swindling impression that it has rare attractions, which, in fact, have no honest existence.

Its attractions are multifarious as well as novel, and it is a matter of surprise how many strictly new features can be crowded in a single exhibition. Zebras broken to perform incredible feats, hurdle-leaping reindeer, giraffes harnessed to Roman racing chariots, Hariman's steam airship in operation, a man-sized riding cynocephalus, elks harnessed tandem, ten funny clowns in simultaneous rivalry, long and long-distance double somersault leapers, peerless exploits in the gymnasium, extraordinarily trained thoroughbred horses, comical school of monkey comedians, monster living White Nile Hippopotamus, extraordinary feats of herculean strength, deeds of masculine and feminine intrepidity, and, in fact, so great an array of novelties and surprises that it would transcend the limits of a newspaper notice to give them even the briefest mention. The street parade is commensurate in magnitude and grandeur with the exhibition, and introduces among other attractions 30 Arabian camels, decorated in the richest and most costly trappings and mounted by native Mahomedans.

**One Hundred Dollars for a Husband.**  
Mrs. Sterns of 1273 Third Avenue has sued Mrs. Rubens of Seventy-fourth Street and Second Avenue for \$100 for providing a husband for Mrs. Rubens's daughter Rachel. Mrs. Sterns, who is the wife of a butcher, swore before Justice Monell that Mrs. Rubens sent for her and told her that she wished to have Rachel married, and that she would give \$100 if Mrs. Sterns would find a nice young man. Mrs. Sterns mentioned Hermann Gurahner, and Mrs. Rubens said, "Fetch him around." Mrs. Sterns took the young man around; he suited; he and Rachel were married, and Mrs. Rubens gave him \$500 and set him up in the liquor business at 1255 Third Avenue. But Mrs. Rubens refused to pay Mrs. Sterns \$100.

Mrs. Rubens acknowledges giving her son-in-law \$500 and setting him up in business, but denies the contract with Mrs. Sterns. Decision is pending.

**THE SACRED ELEPHANT.**  
Carl Schurz stroked his beard and through a pair of goggles eyed the three Nautch girls of the Barnum show this morning. The girls were too dark to blush, but they hid their brown faces in the tails of the colored mosquito bar stuff that they used as drapery, and waited until Mr. Schurz passed on to the sacred white elephant on the floor below.

The legitimacy of the white elephant had been questioned and Mr. Barnum and his partners had assembled to prove that the expensive proboscidian was all that his owners and their agents claimed. The sacred beast stood upon a platform and about him were golden troughs, trays, umbrellas, gongs, and ornaments. Under the valuable brute were Turkish rugs and he was backed by hangings of Persian carpets and velvet mats. Among the visitors were Carl Schurz, Colonel D. B. Sicks, Professor A. S. Vickmore, Professor J. B. Hulder, Professor R. Ogden Doremus, Professor H. S. Chandler, Dr. Lewis R. Sayre, Rev. Dr. T. S. Drown, John Fowler Buck, Dr. W. B. DeGarme, Professor Charles Short, Frank Vincent, author of "The Land of White Elephants," Paul Dana, David Kerr, Professor C. E. West, Rev. J. M. Stevenson, D. D., Judge Asa B. Gardner, Er. Charles Hoekley, A. C. Arnold, Dr. McCosh, Dr. Van der Pool, Professor John S. White, Dr. Alfred Loomis, John Fitch, Austin Flint, Jr., Professor E. S. Bates, Charles P. Dana, Dr. T. G. Thomas, Jordan Miller, Rev. S. D. Burkhardt, Jerome Buck and Henry C. Bowen.

The sacred beast has a pinky-white face, mottled ears, a light-colored back, beautiful tusks, pretty toe-nails and a skin that for softness is like the finest kid. He was guarded by Indians, who played weird music upon the strange instruments. This music was one of the most attractive features of the entertainment. The sacred elephant is exceedingly docile. While he was being examined by the scientists Mr. Barnum called attention to the Buddhist priests who guard the pachyderm in question was the only one of its kind ever brought to this country. Mr. Barnum declared that all white elephants but his were impostors. One hundred and thirty-one professors and scientists signed a statement to the effect that this was a genuine sacred elephant.

**Shunt a Lettice.**  
"Peter Shaffer, what ailed you last night?"  
"I was lame und sick."

"Sick with what?"  
"My heart foul around like he would shump out, and my head aches like somebody hit me mit two glus."

"Now, Peter, be honest with me. The officer says you were drunk and unable to reach home."

"Vhell, dot officer vhus a goot man."

"And you were drunk?"  
"Vhell, shunt a lettice."

"I thought so. It is against the law you know."

"I ohspect so."

"Were you ever here before?"  
"Nefer, so long ash I was in America."

"And when are you coming again?"  
"In one thousand years."

"I think I can let you go. Be more careful after this."

"Shudge, if I was enfer drunk again I hope to be dead. Goot pye."

**A Young Virginia Desperado.**  
LYNCHBURG Va., March 28.—In Roanoke County several days ago Lester Lavender, sixteen years of age, attempted to rob a farmer named Alexander Owens, living eight miles from Salem, and in order to accomplish his purpose shot Owens in the back while he was repairing his fences. The wife of the victim, hearing the shot, ran out to ascertain the cause, when Lavender shot her in the breast inflicting a terrible wound. He then tried to murder Owens' mother but she escaped and alarmed the neighbors. The boy then fled to the woods and sought the protection of Matt Bandy, a relative, who refused to shelter him. Lavender then went to Bandy's stable and stole a horse on which he escaped to Montgomery County, where he abandoned the animal. He is thought to have escaped into Franklin County. Both Owens and his wife will probably die.

**NICKELS HOUSE.**  
NEAR DEPOT.  
NO CHARGE FOR TRANSFER OF BAGGAGE.  
Two Splendid Sample Rooms.  
Fare the best the market affords.  
Rooms neat and comfortable.  
W. P. HAMILTON, Proprietor.  
BRISTOL, TENN.

**For Fine Fishing Tackle, Drugs, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, CONFECTIONERIES Etc., GO TO J. M. FOLSON,**  
Elizabethton, Tennessee.

**EAST TENNESSEE, VIRGINIA & GEORGIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.**  
In Effect December 30th, 1883.  
(Central Standard Time.)

EASTWARD.		Daily No. 3.	Daily No. 1.
At Chattanooga	12:10 pm	7:30 pm	
At Dalton	12:45 pm	8:15 pm	
At Cleveland	1:40 pm	9:00 pm	
At Charleston	2:05 pm	9:25 pm	
At Athens	2:44 pm	10:00 pm	
At Sweetwater	3:17 pm	10:28 pm	
At London	3:45 pm	10:55 pm	
At Knoxville	4:00 pm	11:30 pm	
At Morristown	5:00 pm	12:00 am	
At Rogersville J'n	6:28 pm	1:32 am	
At Rogersville	7:28 pm	2:07 am	
At Greeneville	8:16 pm	2:47 am	
At Jonesboro	9:14 pm	3:45 am	
At Johnson's	9:34 pm	3:56 am	
At Bristol	10:30 pm	4:47 am	

WESTWARD.		Daily No. 3.	Daily No. 1.
At Bristol	11:15 pm	10:10 am	
At Johnson's	12:06 am	11:00 am	
At Jonesboro	12:24 am	11:25 am	
At Greeneville	1:16 am	12:17 pm	
At Rogersville J'n	1:53 am	1:10 pm	
At Rogersville	2:25 am	1:43 pm	
At Knoxville	4:00 am	3:35 pm	
At London	4:15 am	3:45 pm	
At Sweetwater	4:47 am	4:17 pm	
At Athens	5:17 am	4:48 pm	
At Charleston	6:10 am	5:41 pm	
At Cleveland	6:48 am	6:19 pm	
At Dalton	7:40 am	7:00 pm	
At Chattanooga	8:09 am	7:31 pm	
At Chattanooga	8:45 am	8:15 pm	

Ohio and North Carolina Divisions.		Daily No. 33.
At Warm Springs	11:50 am	
At Morristown	3:10 pm	
At Knoxville	5:00 pm	
At Knoxville	5:10 pm	
At Hickok's	5:47 pm	
At Clinton	6:07 pm	
At Coal Creek	6:38 pm	
At Careyville	7:22 pm	
At Hickok's	8:00 pm	
At Elk Valley	8:40 pm	
At Newcomb	9:05 pm	
At Jellico	9:30 pm	

EASTWARD.		Daily No. 36.
At Jellico	5:30 am	
At Newcomb	6:02 am	
At Elk Valley	6:28 am	
At Hickok's	7:01 am	
At Careyville	7:29 am	
At Coal Creek	8:00 am	
At Clinton	8:35 am	
At Hickok's	8:52 am	
At Knoxville	9:25 am	
At Knoxville	9:40 am	
At Morristown	11:30 am	
At Warm Springs	2:50 pm	

CONNECTIONS.	
At CHATTANOOGA with railroad lines diverging, making direct close connection for all points Northwest, West and Southwest.	
At OGLETHORPE and CLEVELAND with Georgia Division for Atlanta and all points South, Southeast and Southwest.	
At KNOXVILLE with Ohio Division and Knoxville and Augusta Railroad.	
At JELICHO with Louisville and Nashville Railroad for Louisville and Northwestern points.	
At MORRISTOWN with North Carolina Division for Warm Springs, N. C., and all Western and Middle North Carolina points.	
At ROGERSVILLE JUNCTION with Rogersville and Jeffersonville Railroad.	
At JOHNSON'S with East Tennessee & Western North Carolina Railroad.	
At BRISTOL with Norfolk and Western Railroad, connecting closely for all Virginia and East-Tennessee points, and all Eastern, Middle and Northern States points, via Roanoke and Shenandoah Valley Route.	

Sleeping-car Service.	
No. 1 & 2 have Lighted Sleeper, between Memphis and Lynchburg.	
No. 3 & 4 have Pullman Palace Sleeping cars between Chattanooga and New York, via Shenandoah Valley Route, also Pullman sleeping cars between New Orleans and Washington, via Atlanta, Cleveland and Lynchburg.	
Also Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars between Knoxville and Louisville on Nos. 35 and 36.	
A. POPE, G. P. & T. Agt. F. K. HIGER, Supt. Knoxville, Tenn. JOSEPH GOTHARD, A. G. T. A. Knoxville, Tenn.	

TIME TABLE.	
East Tennessee and Western North Carolina Railroad.	
WESTWARD.	EASTWARD.
Mail No. 2.	Mail No. 1.
P. M.	A. M.
6:05 Arr Johnson City	7:15
6:15 Arr Sinking Creek	7:25
6:30 Arr Milligan College	7:42
6:40 Arr Watauga Point	7:49
6:50 Arr Gladesville	7:58
7:00 Arr Elizabethton	8:05
7:10 Arr Valley Forge	8:12
7:20 Arr Hampton	8:25
7:30 Arr Paradise Point	8:45
7:40 Arr Valley Forge	8:52
7:50 Arr White Rock	9:05
8:00 Arr Crab Orchard	9:25
8:10 Arr Round Mountain	9:40
8:20 Arr Shell Creek	9:50
8:30 Arr Elk Park	10:25
8:40 Arr Cranberry	10:50
8:50 Arr Lye Mine	11:10

Market Report, Corrected Weekly by HARR BROS.	
SUBMIT TO MARKET CHANGER.	
Wheat	\$1.00
Corn	.75
Oats	.45
Rye	.45
Barley	.75
Millet	1.50
Flour	7.00
Clover	7.00
Timothy Seed	2.25
Orchard Grass Seed	2.25
Red-top	1.25
Beeswax	.25
Feathers, live Geese	.25
Duck	.30
Mixed	.25
Bacon, hog round	12 to 14
Lard per lb	15 to 20
Butter	15 to 20
Eggs	12
Apples, dry per lb	.61
Pears	.15
Potatoes, Irish	.10
Sweet	.10
Onions, per bushel	.25
Setts per bush	.25
Chickens, hens per lb	.05
Geese, full feathered, each	.05
Poultry	.15
Flour	2.40 to 2.50
Meal	.75

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Two Splendid Sample Rooms.	
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W. P. HAMILTON, Proprietor.	
BRISTOL, TENN.	

Circular.	
Bristol, Tenn., Feb. 19, 1884.	
DEAR Sir:	
Do you want any FERTILIZER for Oats, Corn and Potatoes? Our "COFFIN" has been thoroughly tested on these crops with the most satisfactory results. Mr. J. Massingill, one of the best farmers in Sullivan County, used on oats 100 lbs. in the acre—the yield was 75 bushels to the acre. He best us, as we got only 45 bushels to the acre, but our land was very poor. We tried it on corn last year on this highland. We never saw such a rank growth of corn on highland. If we could have gotten two more mules on it before the drought set in, the yield would have been enormous—as it was, we made 40 bushels to the acre.	
As a POTATO FERTILIZER it can't be excelled. Take good clover land, strew it along the potato furrow at the rate of 200 or 300 lbs. to the acre. Dig the sets, and cover up all together, and you will have larger and smoother potatoes than you ever had before.	
GRASS AND CLOVER will grow after it with a luxuriance equal to land manured with stable manure. Unlike most of the Fertilizer, it cannot be washed out of the soil by rains any more than ashes can be washed out. Hence it is as permanent in its effects as it is possible for any manure to be.	
In order to place it in the reach of all, we propose to sell it at the extremely low price of \$2.75 per sack of 20 lbs., or \$27.50 per ton at Bristol, all charges paid. Terms Cash on delivery, or in 30 days.	
Yours Truly, J. H. WINSTON & SON.	

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!	
I will sell you all kinds of Furniture lower than has ever been sold in this town.	
MY FURNITURE IS MADE FOR SERVICE, it won't fall to pieces in a week or month, either. I have a full stock.	
NEARLY ALL HAND MADE.	
Call and see me before you buy, you will save money by calling on me.	
Remember the place, LANDRETH's, on Church St., 20 yards east of depot, Johnson City, Tenn. Repairing done at short notice.	
W. M. LANDRETH.	

Weathered, each	25
" " " "	15
" " " "	2 40 to 2 50
" " " "	75

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**KEL'S HOUSE,**  
 NEAR DEPOT,  
 USE FOR TRANSFER OF BAGGAGE.  
 Splendid Sample Rooms.  
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